

“Poppa's Hands” By Kirk Hunt

And I give them eternal life, and they shall never perish; neither shall anyone snatch them out of My hand. My Father, who has given them to Me, is greater than all; and no one is able to snatch them out of My Father's hand.

John 10:28–29 NKJV

The scene plays in my mind with thoughts of peace, safety and golden warmth. I was 4, maybe 5 years old. I sat on the front pew of [Prayer Temple](#) (now [Nash Temple](#)) and examined Poppa's hands with rapt fascination. To my innocent young eyes his hands seemed without limit and without equal. 50 years later, my opinion is better informed, but no less convinced.

Even then his hands were scarred and rough from years of hard labor. His hands were strong from pulling electrical cable or cutting wires. In later years I would watch him switch seamlessly from casual displays of raw strength to deft demonstrations of control and finesse.

Despite how gnarled and unattractive they appeared, Poppa's hands were a blessing of rare quality and strength. Poppa ministered to, provided for and gave protection to his family and anyone who sought his help. His hands were instruments of deliverance and provision.

Consider now the hands of Father-God. God's hands are omnipresent, omnipotent, guided by his omniscience and motivated by His bottomless love for you. His hands are a place of peace, safety and warmth for every soul that will seek Him. And even for some souls who flee Him.

I sit in Father-God's hands. It is a place of peace safety and golden warmth. With each passing day, my opinion is better informed and more convinced of His love and provision for me.

Think: The best place to be is in the hands of Father-God.

Pray: “Lord, guide me every day with Your loving hands.”

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